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The Aftermath



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Chapter 1 by Donald J. Trump

"It's ogre now."

The massive hunk of moss-green flesh leaped out of my window.

It was just me and my father in the room. Despite the present awkwardness, I was glad to have been touched by the Master, in all of his smelly meatiness.

"It was my life's calling, Papa", I whispered with my head tilted downward. "How could I resist? I have worshiped Shrek for as long as I remember-"

"You only started a week ago, after you heard about the "encounters" from your friend, Timmy", my father interrupted.

"Whatever--what I mean is that he was my fate. My destiny. My goal in life. And I'm deeply sorry for the passionate love-making session you witnessed but-"

"Billy."

"Yes Papa?"

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"I didn't think I would ever reveal this to anyone, but I have encounters!"

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